

CRIPPEN SENTENCED TO DIE

WANTED TO HELL NO HOPE
OF ESCAPING HIS DOOM.jury convicted him in 28 minutes of the
Murder of His Wife, Belle Elmore
Judge's Charge Overwhelmed the
Defense. Try Label to New Tuesdays.

London, Oct. 22. The trial of Dr. Harvey Crippen for the murder of his wife, Belle, known in the stage as Belle Elmore, ended at about half past 2 o'clock this afternoon in its conviction of a trifling charge. He was sentenced to be hanged. The jury was out less than half an hour.

There is some uncertainty as to when the execution will take place, but it was said something like that could take place on Tuesday, Nov. 8. This would give the condemned man just two weeks and three days to live or die.

In English executions, unless postponed for special cause, they always carried out in less than a week after sentence is imposed.

The trial of Ethel Le Neve, the young woman who was with Crippen to the body, on charges of being an accessory to the murder, got off the fast track with an early adjournment before the same

The greatest suspense pervaded the old Old Bailey courtroom in the morning when the trial of Crippen was resumed. It was generally felt that the doctor would know his fate before nightfall, and there was considerable suspense concerning the persons who were able to get into formal communion. The defense had issued its case yesterday afternoon and Mr. Tolson, Crippen's counsel, had made his final appeal to the jury.

Dr. Crippen seemed as confident and calm as ever, yet the smile had gone from his face and he was much paler and thinner looking than usual. He was again put in the witness box for a few minutes for the purpose of answering questions by the chief justice, then, during the medical examination, he was excused to the court, began his address to the jury immediately after. His statements were strong, calm and deadly. The prisoner listened attentively to the words of the prosecutor and took keen interest in every statement he made but did not show the slightest perturbation.

The prosecutor closed at 1:30 o'clock, and at 2:55 Mr. Justice Lord Chief Justice Alverstone began the summing up. It was then that for the first time during the trial the feelings of those present were tense with the excitement that is generally felt during the trial of a man for his life. Crippen turned slightly toward the dock and watched the two women in the box close as the Judge in clear, impressive tones told them what their duty was.

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The Judge dissected Crippen's own account of his wife's alleged departure from the house on Hilldrop Crescent on February 1 of this year and his conduct up to the time of his flight on July 6. It was a most interesting course of the prisoner's story, far exceeding in compelling power the criticisms of need for the person in his closing address.

The summing up of the Lord Chief Justice illustrated the difference in the methods of American and English judges in dealing with criminal cases. After telling the jurors that they must be satisfied upon the evidence that the Crown had made in their case or otherwise the prisoner was entitled to acquittal, Lord Alverstone and the jury would agree that Crippen was an extraordinary man who had committed a ghastly crime and had covered it up to the last brutal and callous moment. If Crippen was innocent the Judge said it was impossible to fathom his mind. He was, it seemed, absolutely indifferent to the charge of murder.

Crippen, who has been upon included the Judge and the jury, went to sign it nervously as the cool, calm sentence of the Judge strung his very hair.

Perhaps his anxiety flickered a little more frequently than usual, but when the court adjourned for half an hour for luncheon he ran few, if any, steps of the dock aisle, and quietly.

After the brief recess Lord Alverstone proceeded to make a surprise examination of Crippen's case according to the medical evidence adducing a fact that the jury would be shown under a magnifying glass—the line of a knife along the thumb discussed see.

Cutting down to Crippen's conduct after the murder and the prisoner's explanation thereof, especially of his supposed reason for flight to America, the chief justice said:

"Ten years we are not children, and he is not a child."

In speaking of the letters which Crippen wrote to various persons announcing the departure, illness and death of his wife, the Lord Chief Justice said: "They are the most remarkable set of statements I have ever come to my notice."

His verdict continued on this line for a few and ten minutes, and as he recited Crippen's changes seemed to be a faltering drab.

The moment the Judge ceased to speak the galleries of the packed court room, which previously had been absolutely silent, the Lord Chief Justice and the court adjourned. Crippen stood looking over the dock at an animated group of barristers and solicitors. He never once flinched his gaze, so he exchanged a few remarks with the warden. Then he turned again to look into the well of the court.

The warden turned toward him and said that it was time for Crippen to return to the dock. Crippen, with evident eagerness, responded. He showed signs of distress of the judge's death sentence. He was pale, the time and then became gray. His hands which were perfectly dry at the trial had been kept stiffly clasped firmly before him for the last part, but occasionally fidgeting about. The hand that seemed to have shrunk and appeared to be smaller than ever.

The judge turned to the warden and said that it was time for Crippen to leave the dock, and the warden turned to the words of the chief justice, which were to be repeated by the chief justice.

The warden turned to the words of the chief justice, which was evidently to lead to this afternoon's inevitable finish. Although, as the chief justice remarked, there was beneath this lawfully comely personality a most extraordinary character yet seldom, perhaps never, has so superbly unmasking a figure been the centre of the great pomp and circumstance attending a big murder trial at the Old Bailey.

Lord Alverstone, the Lord Chief Justice of England, is the most impressive and dignified figure on the British bench, dressed in ermine and scarlet and attended by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs wearing

their official robes and gold chains of office, he is the personification of judicial strength, of which the black and gold scabbarded sword is the emblem. Beneath him sat the black-gowned, white-wigged clerk, and in the well of the court between him and the prisoners' dock, where Crippen's dapper, insignificant figure was dwarfed by the burly forms of three warders, sat gowned and wigged counsellors at a large table, at which the instructing solicitors with books and papers were also seated.

Then, having regained complete control of his nerves, Crippen, in a clear voice and then distinctly broken, told him the jury had convicted him on evidence which would satisfy any reasonable man. The Lord Chief Justice then pronounced sentence of death on the prisoner.

While he was doing so Crippen stood leaning over the dock with his hands resting on the ledge before him. He showed far less nervousness than he did on the conclusion of the Judge's summing up.

After the sentence there was a dead silence in the court room, which was broken by the Judge saying: "Gentlemen of the jury, you are excused for ten years."

There was a murmur of thanks from the jury, the Judge rose and Crippen left the dock.

It was difficult to judge to what extent the extraordinary little man had got himself under control. For a moment it seemed as if he wished to remain and say something more. Then the sturdy warden placed an arm across his shoulders and walked him to the stairs of the dock, down which they went. Crippen apparently did not need any help, but the warden's arm was still around his shoulders. As the Judge in his summing up said, he is an extraordinary man.

Before the trial began many lawyers had freely expressed the opinion that Crippen had a good chance of acquittal on account of the difficulty of absolutely identifying the remains which had been found in the cellar of his house. They showed no anatomical evidence whereby the sex of the dead person could be determined and it was argued that this would cause great difficulty in identifying them as those of Mrs. Crippen. But Lord Justice Alverstone brushed all technicalities aside and plainly showed his own conviction that the identification was complete.

It had been thought that the jury would very likely find Crippen guilty, but that on recourse to the new Criminal Court of Appeal the technical difficulties in the way of identification of the remains would save Crippen's neck. Lord Alverstone, however, in passing sentence, denied the prisoner not to entertain any doubt of his aping from the sentence of the Judge in clear, impressive tones told them what their duty was.

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he drew attention to the weakness of the explanation. Again he refused to put in question a juror who suggested because, said he, "it is rather argumentative."

In fact it is hardly too much to say he was the chief conductor of the case both for the crown and the defense. What little could be suggested in Crippen's favor he pointed out in summing up. What points might be considered debatable—and they were very few—he stated, saying it was for the jury to decide on them. But his whole brief retelling of the story from the evidence could not have been more damning had it come from the mouth of the prosecuting counsel. Indeed, its impressive delivery and its aloofness from all personal feeling made it far more convincing of the prisoner's guilt than the final address of the prosecution to the jury.

WEDDINGS.

Davenport—Demarest

Miss Alice Louise Demarest and William Burns Davenport, of Tarentum, Pa., were married yesterday afternoon in St. Thomas's Protestant Episcopal Church, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-third street.

The Rev. Ernest M. Steers, the rector, performed the ceremony. The bride was given in marriage by her father, William Curtis Demarest, with whom she entered. She was attended by Mrs. Edmund Rogers, Mrs. Porter Clyde Shannon, Mrs. James A. Moffett, Mrs. Eltinge F. Warren, all of New York, and Mrs. Wheeler of Tarentum.

The Misses Elsie E. Little and Helen Smyth were bridesmaids, and a youthful maid-of-honor, Katherina K. Doherty, was maid-of-honor to the bride. Arthur W. Little, Jr., of Short Hills, N.J., was ribbon boy.

Mr. Muir, says the Judge, and the leading counsel for the Crown stands up and begins his statement of the case for the prosecution in calm, passionless language, without a gesture, without the slightest attempt at rhetoric, with no trace of feeling against the prisoner, frequently even pointing out facts which may tell in the prisoner's favor. In eighty minutes counsel gave lucid masterpieces of narrative, throughout which he confined himself to the admitted facts of the long story of the relations between Crippen and his wife and his mistress.

No word from the defending counsel or Judge interrupt the calm flow of his narrative. Then the Crown witnesses were called in rapid succession, and on the first day between 10:30 and 1:30 lock-tight witnesses had been examined and cross-examined. This quiet, rapid, business-like method of procedure was to a foregoer the feature of the whole trial that stood out, whilist in interest for those who have never seen a British murder trial only to the outer masterful way in which the Judge took the case into his hands.

Once only in the four and a half days did counsel protest at anything that happened. This was done by counsel for the defense, who objected to the introduction of a Crown witness after the case for the Crown had been closed. The Judge said: "I will admit the evidence so far as it is justified by the prosecuting counsel's opening statement."

Counsel for the defense remained standing a moment in further protest.

"I will take care of you," Mr. Tolson, said the Judge, bowed and took his seat.

The incident occurred hardly a minute.

Not a single witness was examined or cross-examined by counsel on either side without the Judge's intervention, sometimes requesting counsel to make his question clearer, sometimes helping the witness to cough his answer, always making every effort to save time. It mattered not long whether it was a Crown or defense witness, when counsel had finished with him, the Judge would finish with her, and the Judge would say: "Now, I want to ask a few questions." Then in three or four brief questions what seemed like instant cross-examination, the witness would take twenty minutes and innumerable questions to get out. Then the Judge would ask a few questions, always straight to the point, which counsel had overlooked or had not desire put.

A good example of the manner in which Lord Alverstone took the case into his own hands was his dealing with the medical witness, when counsel had arranged to hide the prisoner in the large no-smoking box, was yesterday or the day before in London and in consultation with the prosecuting counsel practically at the moment, said the Judge.

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"Let me know," interposed Commissioner Ordway, "what you mean by tim horses and carts."

"What are these?" asked Commissioner Ordway, "any layoff besides the one in which you are concerned?"

"None," said Mr. Tolson, in his cross-examination.

"Yes," replied the witness, "a layoff of dead ones."

"What do you mean by dead ones?"

"Those are the tin horses and carts that never did any work."

"Never did any work?" interposed Commissioner Ordway.

"Let me know," interposed Commissioner Ordway, "what you mean by tim horses and carts and by dead horses and live horses?"

"Well, the tin horses and tin carts are the ones that don't do any work but get paid just the same, and the live horses are the ones that produce the goods."

The witness named three men who had laid claim to the title of "dead horse" and "dead cart" which never worked on the highways.

"Did you ever know of dead ones being carried on the payroll under Mr. Cassidy's administration?" inquired Mr. Tolson.

"No, I did not."

"Are these tin horses and carts and dead ones invented by Mr. Gresser?" inquired Mr. Tolson.

"I did not say that they were invented by Mr. Gresser."

"Why didn't you inform Mr. Gresser that there were tin horses and carts and dead ones on the payroll?"

"He didn't seem to be interested in my business, and if he didn't, I wasn't telling him."

G. W. Travis of 228 Barclay street, Flushing, employed as a draughtsman in the Sewer Department, and the only man thus far produced who refused to contribute to Gresser's campaign fund, was also called to the bar.

The witness, a draughtsman of this city, and his wife, Miss Ethel Anthony of Brooklyn, N.Y., were examined by Mr. Tolson.

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